Ashtabula Telegraph.

JAMES HEED & SON, Prop'rs. ASHTABULA, :

LIFE COLORS.

Turns never be what you dream, dear;
Take my word, the colors will fade;
The picture you've painted all sensitine
Must be touched and reionelied with
shade.

You will shift that so often the crimson Must be necked here and there with th But the morning, the moon and the evening Most be used to complete the full day,

You are painting a picture of life, dear, Where sometime and clouds must abide, And the sincover that come not as dawnir Must full with the dim eventide.

Where those roses grow fate from the hedge Paint some thorns, make the picture com The bloom that the fingers may gather, You will learn, hides thoras for the feet.

The gold that shines out from the sunset Must be tarnished by purple and gray, Ers the "curtain of night" launfoided, Shutting out all that's left of the day.

But, dear, when you've ended the dreamin, And life's wear's prigringing made. You'll find B the plorare you dreamed of In colors that never will face. —N. F. Graphic.

A HOUSE-HUNTING EXPERIENCE,

MRS, JOSHUA MACLANE WAS & VERY busy woman. "Watta's honey-bee isn't a circumstance to her," Joshua Maclane would say, with a smile. It was not a smile of derision, but very satisfied, for he was a busy man, and this element of activity in his partner was a source of intense satisfaction.

"Just sunness a drone had fallen to my was a source of intense satisfaction,
"Just suppose a drone had fallen to my
share in the lottery of marriage!" he
would say, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I would have pulled her arms
off, figuratively, trying to urge her forward, and she might have pulled my
ours off liberally trying to hold my ears off, literally, trying to hold me back. That's the way incompatibilities come. Now Bess and I pull together pretty well. Sometimes, it's true, she gets a little beyond me, but a little tightening of the rein and a gentle 'whoa' brings her alongside without any more trouble."

a result of Mrs. Maclane's activity she had a great deal to do, for society learned long ago that, as a rule, if it wants any thing done, it is safest to go wants any thing done, it is sates to go to a binay person to get it done. Drones never learn executive ability. As a natural sequence, Mrs. Machine was President of associations, Secretary of societies, Chairman of committees, on whom most of the work fell, and a power in society as well as her own home.

To such busy people there come days when executive ability is taxed to the atmost. The varied duties do not spread thomselves neatly over a given space, but come, like "troubles, in battalions".

battalions."

One of these days, and one of these hours in the day, had come to Mrs. Joshua Maclane. She was sewing, watching her children and entertaining a neighbor, when the tide set in. A note came, begging her, as president of a relief association, to examine the creations. a relief association, to examine the cre-dentials of a suffering applicant immediately. Another came, begging her to visit a family in extreme destitution at once. A servant entered, saying that the seamstress could not proceed further without orders; and directly behind the servant came Harry Maclane, with a note from his teacher stating that he was sent home because he complained of sore throat, and was feverish. With a mother's instinct, the minor duties waited while Mrs. Maclane examined the child's throat. She was thus en-gaged when her husband's brother en-

tered with a telegram.
"It is from Joshua," he explained.
"He says there is a house for sale up town that he wants you to look at in mediately. 'Drop every thing,' he tel-egraphs, and look after it.''

egraphs, and look after it."

Mrs. Joshua Maclane knitted her brow, and the nelghbor smiled, but she said, kindly, "If there is any way I can assist you, I hope you will allow me."

"Instead of dropping every thing, I don't see how any thing can be dropped," said Mrs. Maclane, meditatively. She took a medicine case, and as she prepared some medicine for her sick child, said to the waiting servant, "Tell the seamstress to sew on the sheets in the seamstress to saw on the sheets in the closet until I am at liberty. I keep such plain work for emergencies," she explained to her neighbor. "Now I must put Harry in a room by himself

tagious, and I can not leave him. I will attend to the case down stairs as soon as Harry is comfortable." "Can I visit the poor family?" volunteered her neighbor.

"I shall be very grateful," replied irs. Maclane. Then she turned to her brother-in-law. "Hal, I can't look after the house. It would be a great favor if you could do

"But-" began the brother-in-law Mrs. Maciane interrupted him. "You know our needs, and tastes, too, almost

know our needs, and tastes, too, almost as well as weld ourselves. You know we want a house similar to this, but larger. Observe the paper, the paint, and the walls. Be sure to find out if there are pleuty of closets, and, above all things, notice if there are any signs of sewer gas."

"Not a widow!" was Henry Maclane of sewer gas."

"Not a widow!" was Henry Maclane. "The loss of her hasband would have been a greater aboy to do a man's work has passed into a proverb," answered Henry Maclane.

"I fear you will find it equally unwise to "Perhaps she is a widow," was his thought.

"My mother's death last year was the greatest affliction I have ever had," she said, sadly.

"Not a widow!" was Henry Maclane of sewer gas."

"The loss of her hasband would have been a greater aboy to do a man's work has passed into a proverb," answered Henry Maclane.

"There was a pause, and Henry Maclane of the man. It sounded like sarcasm, but there was granting pleasure in the face said: "You must know Mrs. Maclane said: "You must know Mrs. Maclane turned eagerly to her brother-in-law with the question, "How do you like man."

"My mother's death last year was the greater affliction I have ever had," she said, sadly.

"Not a widow!" was Henry Maclane.

"I fewer you will find it equally unwise to the paint, and the walls. Be sure to find out if the paper, the paint, and the walls. Be sure to find out if the paper, the paint, and the walls. Be sure to find out if the paper, the paint, and the walls. Be sure to find out if the paper, the paint, and the walls. Be sure to find out if the paper, the paint, and the walls. Be sure to find out if the paper, the paint, and the walls. Be sure to find out if the paper, the paint, and the walls. Be sure to find out if the paper, the paint, and the walls. Be sure to find out if the paper, the paint, and the walls. Be sure to find out if the paper, the paint, and the walls. Be sure to find out if the paper, the paint, and the walls. At the dinner table Mrs. Maclane turned eagerly to her turned eager

"The fack of wission in sending a boy to do a man's work has passed into a proverb," answered Henry Maclane. "I fear you will find it equally unwise to send a man to do a woman's work. You remember Miles Standish's advice to

John Alden—'If you want any thing well done, do it yourself, John?''.

"A little practice in house-hunting may be of service to you in the future," suggested the neighbor, pleasantly.

"Bachelor halls are very dreary places, in my way of thinking," replied "Bachelor halls are places, in my way of thinking," replied places, in my way of thinking, "A home

Henry Maclane, gravely. that is a home needs a wife." said the neighbor. "Precisely," said the neighbor.
"Wife and home were in my thoughts when I suggested the acquisition of knowledge for future use. Maclane shrugged his should-

ers, and gave his head a negative shake.
"You wouldn't advise a man who had
civil engineering before him to learn to eweler, I suppose?"

vo; but I would advise a man who

had civil engineering or any thing else before him not to cast away a jewel if he should stumble across one. Dis-monds always repay for the setting." The neighbor said it with intent, evi-dently, giving expressive little nods as she talked.

Henry Maciane smiled. "I am afraid As they left the pariors, a child en-your diamond is a manufactured one. Put to the test, it would turn out like the "Mamma!" the rear, exclaiming, Scotch chemisi's—a crystallized silicate, and not pure carbon, '

passed out the neighbor said. "Your brother-in-law is

"We never knew of any love affair," "We haver knew of any love affair," replied Mrs. Machane, in a confidential tone, "but I have my suspicious. He was a young man at the time of our civil war, and, as a Colonel, did good to his aword is a curl of light flaxen hair tied with a blue ribbon. I once begged him to tell me the story of the golden lock, but he answered, quietly, that there was nothing to tell.

"It looks like a child's,' I ventured to suggest.

Mrs. Ellis commenced the good points of the house with the source agent, and Henry Machane appeared to follow, but his thoughts were with the fair woman in the parlor below, but he sawered, quietly, that there was nothing to tell.

"You see we went to Europe when you want for a soldier," replied Mrs.

to suggest.
"To which he replied, 'The head on which it grow must have known as many summers and winters as your "I hope she is not dead,' I ventured

again.
** And he answered, in the same quiet

"And he answered, in the same quiet way, 'I never heard of her death.'
"'I sake married?' I asked, bluntly.
"'I presume so; I don't know,' he answered, a trifle less calmly.
"'The ribben is fadled; I will bring you a fresh piece, and put this in the rag-bag,' I suggested.
"But he shook his head decidedly.' A new piece would not be the same,' he answered gravely.

to encounter sewer gas. He glanced at the wall, and then his eye fell on a lady who advanced from the rear room, and exclaimed, "Mr. Maclane!"

"My old friend Reby!" he responded, he took her hand. "This is an unex-

"My old friend Reby!" he responded, as he took her hand. "This is an unexpected pleasure."

There was genuine pleasure on both sides, if aparkling eyes and glowing cheeks were signs of pleasure; then each surveyed the other, with glances half questioning and half apprehensive, as they exchanged ordinary remarks and Henry Maclane explained his errand.
"My sister necuring the house, and "My sister occupies the house, and will show it to you presently," said the lady. "Do you want it furnished as you find it?"

Henry Maclane looked at the fair

Henry Maclane looked at the fair woman—sunny hair waving over her forehead; clear blue eyes looking searchingly into his at one moment, and glancing shyly away the next; lips moving nervously, as if she were mastering some emotion—and he replied, emphatically, "Just as it is!"

"There is a pleasant view from the back windows," said the lady, leading the way to the rear room.

"Vory pleasant!" replied Henry Maclane; but he had given only a glance outside, and was gazing down on the fair-haired woman, standing a little lower than himself. Then he fell to asking questions about her family and mutual riends; and all the time he had the air of a lawyer who asks indirect questions hoping to elicit some unknown facts.

"Mamma!" called a childish voice in the hall.

"Mammal" called a childish voice in the hall.

The fair lady stepped to the door, and said, gently, "Go to the nursery, Hal."

Henry Maclane started at the sound of the name he always bore in his own home. Had it been given the child for sweet remembrance's sake? The thought that this remembrance must must be must be must consider the child for namely, if there were husband to be substantial to the sister's share."

"The lady nas constituted it, "replied Henry Maclane.

"Does not the house belong to Mr. Ellis?" was the next query.

"No," he replied. "It belonged to stopped her, just as a visitor was announced.

"You will come to see us soon?" said the Monroe estate, and fell to the sister's share."

"You will come to see us soon?" said the Monroe estate, and fell to the sister's share."

"Hal," said Mrs. Maclane, gravely, "our neighbor yesterday suggested Miss Anderson as a desirable alliance."

and children, had in it the sadness of "it might have been."

"The years must have brought many changes to you," said Henry Maclane, with a view of gaining some personal brought many.

"Yes," answered the lady, with a meditative look on her face, "there are few reminders even of the old days left. I have had my share of joy and

Henry Maclane noted, what he had not seen before, that there was a min-gling of crape in the lady's black dress. "Perhaps she is a widow," was his

id: "You must know Mrs. Mac-She will give any friend of mine

lane. She will give any friend of mine a warm welcome."
"Certainly," replied the lady. "It will be a pleasure to know her. Ah! here is my sister, Mrs. Ellis. Sue, don't you remember Mr. Maclane?"
"Remember him! What, Hal, our most devoted attendant and dearest friend? Upon my word, I hadn't any doarer friend in those days," exclaimed the sister, in a voluble way he remembered well. "How glad I am to see you! The servant told me a gentleman relied Henry Maclane, positively." ac sister, in a voluble way he remains a self-definition of the sister of the houser proposed from a positive of houses?" she asked, in a practical way.

"I fear not: but Mrs. Maclane was the remains of the condition as he answered, in a puzzled way, "I hardly know. I was an index of the rest."

"Mrs. Maclane smiled. "Closets?" she suggested.

"Mrs. Maclane smiled. "Closets?" she suggested.

"Come to me, Hal," said the fair

lady, laying a detaining hand on the Henry Maclane followed his leader. rigible. There is that good Misa tooking back at the tableaux of the room would make him such a good sweet womanly face against which the and I know she worships the child's curly head rested. It was a ground ha walks on. Is there may old love that fills his mind and heart to the exclusion of all the interesting ladies of our set?"

prostip pleture; but it gave him pain, for the child's name suggested again that possibility of sweet remembrance and vain regret.

day," he sam, as Mrs. Ellis's last remark was as Mrs. Ellis's last remark was as Mrs. Ellis's last remark was as communicating rooms.

"You see we went to Europe when you went for a soldier," rephed Mrs. "Both," answered Henry Macana with a smile.

"What was the woman like?" asked a with a smile.

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"What was the woman like?" asked a with a smile.

"Light wavy hair, not a bit fuffy nor forchead in pruty rippling waves and colled in a knot at the back, clear eyes that demand the truth and tell the truth, a good nose, an expressive mouth, delication. was very dismal coming back to strangers and many changes. I soon found comfort in my engagement to Mr. Ellis, a good nose, an expressive mouth, deligand Raby went back to Europe. She wants to go again, but we are trying to keep her here."

"Is her husband there?" asked Henry Maclane.

"The reply was prompt: "A black The reply was prompt: "A black they

"Is she as an active of the sheet, blunthy of present so that sheet, blunths of the shook his head decidedly." The blook is faded it will bring you a fresh piece, and put this in the rag-bag, 12 saggested.

"But he shook his head decidedly." A new plees would not the the same, the answered gravely.

"This is a slight foundation on which to rear a romance, but I have always believed there is a memory of the past connected with the faded ribbon and sump hair. Hal, with all his bravery, is a slymphair. Hal, with all his bravery, is and the stairs. "No matter. I will send Mrs. Maclane. He would be like Miles Standish, whom he is always quoting, in love and some ther man, who had samp hair and worm to be the stairs. "The total, he was stinclined to go when the terrible. No from he were heard to see him married. Home and wife are the just descret. He was a stone has ward to see him married. Home and wife are the just descrets of men like Hal."

The man of whom this cheerful prophecy was made was on his way; to an author of Joshus' wife to send in the prophecy was made was on his way; to an author of Joshus' wife to send in the prophecy was made was on his way; to an author of Joshus' wife to send in the prophecy was made was on his way; to an author of Joshus' wife to send in the prophecy was made was on his way; to an author of Joshus' wife to send in the prophecy was made was on his way; to an author of whom this cheerful prophecy was made was on his way; to an author of Joshus' wife to send in the prophecy was made was on his way; to an author of whom this cheerful prophecy was made was on his way; to an author of whom this cheerful prophecy was made was on his way; to an author of whom this cheerful prophecy was made was on his way; to an author of whom this cheerful prophecy was made was on his way; to an author of whom this cheerful prophecy

Mrs. Ellis interrupted him. "You will bring Mrs. Maclane when you come

"Possibly her husband will be free to ome with her," was the quiet response.
"Husband! Are you not Mrs. Mac-me's husband?" asked Mrs. Ellis, won-

deringly.
"Me? Oh no! My brother Joshua is Mrs. Maclane's husband," replied Henry Maclane, with a smile. "And father of the five children?"

ontinued Mrs. Ellis. "Father of the five children," echoed Henry Maclano.
"And haven't you any wife?" asked

"And haven't you any wife?" asked
Mrs. Ellis, curiously.

"The Bible says, 'A good wife is
from the Lord,'" replied Heary Maclane, gravely. "He has never given
me such a blessing."

Mrs. Ellis's eyes twinkled.
"I could give you a Bible, grotetion

leave.

"Certainly, replied Mrs. Ellis. "It is well to get a gas-light view of things you are interested in buying."

When the door shut, Mrs. Ellis turned "Tell our neighbor I am like the house—withdrawn from the market," was the smiling answer.

"Just tell me this, Hai," said Mrs. shall be given you."
"Oh, Sue!" remonstrated the shrinkig woman. "Don't toss me to any
ian, as if I were a ball to be picked up,

or let alone, as suits his pleasure.'

It must have been a satisfactory

glibly.

Mrs. Maclane looked gratified.

"What are the condition of the paper and paint?" she asked.

"The hall-paper was dark, and the wood-work dark, and in good order," replied Henry Maclane, positively.

"Well, the rest of the house?" pur-

ons aged," said Henry Maciane in response.

Mrs. Eliis replied, brusquely: "She is wonderfully changed to me. The years have brought great strength and goodness to Reby. She is not a woman to tolerate nonsense of any kind."

She justified her brusque speech with the mental comment: "A man with a wife and five children has no business to stand there with undisguised admiration on his face, and concratulate him-

whe and there with undisguised admiration on his face, and congratulate himself on finding Reby unchanged. It's a trying ordeal to ber, and I would shorten it I I could."

Her remark brought the color to Reby's face, and Henry Maclane looked annoyed. "I don't understand—" he bogan.

Mrs. Ellis interrupted him. "You "Any reason even?"

"Ale had withdrawn the house from the market. "How provoking!" exclaimed Mrs. Maclane. "We had decided to take it. Just think, Brother Hal," she said, as her brother-in-law catered the break-fast-room, "that lovely house with from the market!" "Ah?" he said, in an interested way. "Ah?" he said, in an interested way. "Ah? "See Said, in an interested way."

"Any reason given?"
"Not a word," answered Mrs.
Maclane. "I think folks ought to know
their own minds better than to put a
house in the market one day and with-

draw it the next."
"Perhaps there has been a change of base," suggested Henry Maclane.

"You were going to look at it by gas-light," said Mrs. Maclane. "How did it impress you?" "Very pleasantly," was the smiling reply. "Brother Hal," said Mrs. Maclane, "Brother Hal," said Mrs. Maclane, bending a searching gaze on her broth-er-in-law, "tell us all about it. Of course you went to look at more than the house by gas-light. Do you know why this house is withdrawn from the market?"

"The lady has concluded to occupy

"The lady has concluded to occupy

sve.
"Can I come this evening?" he asked.
"Can I come this evening?" he asked.
"Tell our neighbor I am like the

when the door shut, Mrs. Ellis turned to Reby, apparently much interested in the visitor's card. "Do you know what I was about to quote? 'Ask, and it shall be given you."

"Just tell me this, Hal, "said Mrs. Maclane, in a coaxing way; "did the fair-haired woman you met when you went house-hunting ever wear the flaxen curl and the pale blue ribbon? You see I am putting two and two together."
"Your fingers are units of the

same denomination, and you can add them," was the frank answer. "The stay lock belongs to that fair head."

"And it all came about from my sending you to look after a house," mused Mrs. Maclane. "Yes. The results we unconsciously attain often exceed in greatness the intent we consciously pursue," was the philosophic reply. "Seeking for a house for you, in no enviable frame of mind, I have found a wife for myself. and my frame of mind is "-he pansed and turned to his brother. " Joshua, perhaps you can get at it if you go back to the day when you fell in love with Bess, and add fifteen years of separa-tion and loneliness to it, and then suddenly find out you have belonged to each other all through the past, and mutually vow to belong to each other all through the future. It makes a very neat sum of happiness, Joshua," he said, with a radiant smile.—Harper's Bazar.

An Acoustic Trial.

A VAURANT ass, says the San Antonio Herald, stood beside the track of the Sunset Hailway at the depot this morn-ing; an engine moved slowly up; is stopped within a few feet of the ass, and the engineer blew one of those terrible screams, prolonged and ear-piercing such a blast as makes a sleeping Miller "Five," answered Henry Maclane.

"The hall had closets" said Henry it dream of the day of judgment. Did the business in hand. "I will show you the upper stories if you like to only the first paragraph. "I guess they his tail and speed away like the asses of Bassorah, faster than the Bedonin cour-Mrs. Maclane laughed heartily as she Mrs. Maclane laughed heartly as she remarked, "I never take closets on trust. Sewer gus?"

"No," responded Henry Maclane; "there was a sweet odor of violets as I ontered the parlor."

"Good!" exclaimed Mrs. Maclane, "It sounds like Araby the blest."

"It was," responded Henry Maclane, in an under-tone.

"Well, about the rest of the house?" continued Mrs. Maclane, "Pid the live of the sound in a voice that deafened all the railroad men and caused the freight continued Mrs. Maclane, "Did the live of the house?" continued Mrs. Maclane, "Did the live of the sound in a voice that deafened all the railroad men and caused the freight clerk to drop his pen, roared: "I can't! I can't! "It was," responded Henry Maclane, in an under-tone.
"Well, about the rest of the house?" continued Mrs. Maclane. "Did the violet odor pervade the whole of the beat! I can't! I can't! I can't! be beat! be beat! be beat! be beat! be beat! be beat! be beat!

Mrs. Eilla commenced the good points of the house with the volubility of a house agent, and Henry Maclane appeared to follow, but his thoughts were with the fair woman in the parlor below.

"It is strange we never met until today," he said, somewhat fireverently, as Mrs. Ellis's last remark was about communicating rooms.

"You see we went to Europe when you went for a soldier," replied Mrs. Ellis. "I was there until the war was over. Reby remained some years

"I don't know," answered Henry Maclane, in yeas in the World.

"She' who?" asked Mrs Maclane, in a puzzled way.

"The sister," was the brief reply.

"Who's sister?" demanded Mrs. Maclane, in yeas in the World.

"Now went for a soldier," replied Mrs. Both," answered Henry Maclane, with a smile,

"What was the woman like?" asked of the work of the fire of March a party of the fire of March a party of under the necessary papers from Gen.

Who's sister?" demanded Mrs. Maclane, in a prospectors, thirtoen in ammber, proposectors, thirtoen in another, proposectors, the fit of March a party of the another and the world.

Anove the Sta of March and The World. Anour the 5th of March a party of prospectors, thirtoen in number, procured the necessary papers from Gen. Wilcox, allowing them to visit the Indian village on Cataract Creek, inhabited by the Ara Supals, a tribe of Indians numbering all told two hundred souls. The party was known as the Beckman and Young Prospecting Expedition. They went from Williamson Valley to the Bill Williams Bange, and thence to Pine Spring, a small watering-place surrounded by a pine forest. Here they found every indication of an old sea bod, the gravel and rocks being round and smooth, similar to those in the bed, the gravel and rocks being round and smooth, similar to those in the ocean bed. From Pine Spring the party directed their course for the Ava Supla village, which is renched by descending from the table or mesa land down one of the roughest trails ever traveled by man, for a distance of fourteen miles, dropping three thousand feet. At places along the trail we are told that it is not over twenty inches wide, and winds

marvelous erevice in the earth.

The Ava Supais practice polygamy, each male having about three wives.

They have about one thousand acres of farming land, which is described as being of a yellowish color and mostly composed of sand; however, it is said to produce and good acres on the product of the said to produce and good acres on the said to preduce a good acres on the said to preduce the sa

that has aroused antagonism and opposition, have you been constrained to a sition, have you been constrained to and your sition, have you been constrained to a sition, have you been constrained to and your sition, have you been constrained to a sition, have you been constrained to and your sition, have you been constrained to a sition, have you been constrained to and your siting, we like them, but not when they come through other people. Self your consolation be, "He know the 'He know the." Have your endeavors in behalf your efforts exposed you to the charge is for ever seeking self, self-will and being an agitator and disturber? Let your consolation be, "He know the." Have your endeavors in behalf your efforts exposed you to the charge is for ever seeking self, self-will and self-love; but if we were perfect in the love of God, we should prefer to obey, because in obedience. If things are our own originating, we like them, but not when they come through other people. Self your consolation be. "He know the your endeavors in behalf her your consolation be. "He know the what if for ever seeking self, self-will and self-love; but if we were perfect in the love of God, we should prefer to obey. Sales.

The Great and Preclous Promises, the failen, to save the oppressed, and to imprise the to insimultions touching your discretion, if not your sanity? Well, so be further when the water. Where they beheld the Grand Canyon the water is descri ifth parallel road is completed, draw thousands upon thousands of wonderthousands upon thousands of wonder-seekers annually, to behold the deepest gorge in the world. In going to the Grand Canyon the party passed through Prospect Valley, near the Colorado, and had the pleasure of beholding Bidenour & Zimmerman's copper mise, which is found imbedded between two solid sandstone walls, a thing unknown elsewhere in the world. The ore from this mine is worth from sixty to ninety per cent and a chunk of almost pure copper weighing at least one ton is no incommon thing to find. The death of Mr. Mooney, which took place on the first of April, frustrated the plans of the party, and their original plan of ex-ploring and prospecting was not carploring and prospecting was not car-ied out as at first intended.—Arisona

The Dead Alive.

The following extraordinary story comes from Franklintown, N. C., over the signature of Mr. J. W. Weaver, of that town. He says that Mrs. Marths Smith, of Chatham, reports a remarkable case of suspended animation, burial and resprection, in the person of a married lady in that county, who possessed a gold watch and finger rings which she often expressed a desire to have buried with her whenever she should die. Finally she was taken ill, and life seemed gradually to ebb away, until her attending physician pronounced it ex-tinct. At her burial her previously ex-pressed desires was complied with, and the second night after the intermost a white man and a negro went to the grave and exhumed her for the purpose of obtaining the buried jewelry. As they took the lid off the coffin, and the negro began pulling off a ring from her finger, she raised up. At this both men took fright and ran away. Finally, the negro went back, and she asked him what he wanted. He told her he wanted her rings and the white man her watch. She requested to see the white man whom the other soon found and brough to her. She requested him to go bome with her. He did so, and when she reached the door she knocked. Her husband opened the door, but fainted when he saw her, thinking it was his dead wife's ghost. Mrs. Smith says the lady is now living and bids fair to attain a good old age, and that she visits and is visited by her frequently.

CONDIMENTS IN POULTRY DIET .-Cayenne pepper, mustard, or ginger can, with great benefit, be added to the food of fowls, to increase their vigor, and to stimulate egg-production. Religious.

PRAYER.

Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right.

Pray, if then excet, with hope; but ever pray
Though hope be weak, or sick with long of
larger in the darkness if there he no light,
When war and discord on the earth shall
conserve.

Sunday-School Lessons.

STOOMS QUARTER. May 19 Getise diante Matt. 28 (20-5) June 6 The Crastiffich Met. 27 (25-5) June 15 After the Resurrection. Mett. 22 8-23 June 25 Review of the Lessons. June 25 Lesson selected by the School.

" He Knoweth," along the trail we are told that it is not over twenty inches wide, and winds around the perpendicular walls of sandstone that loon above for hundreds of fest, while on the other side dark, deep canyons exist, hundreds upon hundreds of feet deep, where by one false step or move, man or beast would be sent to oternity. With great care and good luck, ten of the party succeeded in reaching the village, three of their number returning rather than run the gaintlet in passing down into this awful yet marvelous erevice in the earth.

The Ava Supais practice polygamy, each male having about three wives. They have about one thousand aeres of the trail to incoence. I have already intimated that it is a terrible scoarge to the mind of guilt. Why should the wrong, doer instinctively seek to hide all evidences of his crimes? He would escape in reaching the village, three of their number returning rather than run the gaintlet in passing down into this awful yet marvelous erevice in the earth.

The Ava Supais practice polygamy, each male having about three wives.

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let in passing down into this awful yet marvelous crevice in the earth.

The Ava Supais practice polygamy, each male having about three wives. They have about one thousand arres of a farming land, which is described as being of a yellowish color and mostly of composed of said; however, it is said to produce good corn, pumpkins, melons, beans, etc., with the nid of irrigating water, of which they have an abundance, and appropriate by means of a good ditch surrounding their farm.

The party was well received by those red people, who stated their greatest fairs was to be left alone in the enjoyment of their land and other property. Their houses are built with poles in a rate manner and thatched over with lare grass and tule. The only stock they have are a few ponies.

Catareac Greek heads in the Bill Williams and San Francisco Mountains, the streams connecting some distance above the Indian village. This stream empties into the Big Colorado fifteen miles below the Ava Sapai town and a abort distance south of the junction of the Little and Big Colorado Rivers. The party strenpted to explore Catareac Creek to its confluence with the Colorado, of the party attempted to explore Catareac Creek to its confluence with the Colorado, of the party attempted to explore Catareac Creek to its confluence with the Colorado, of the party attempted to explore Catareac Creek to its confluence with the Colorado, of the party attempted to explore Catareac Creek to its confluence with the Colorado, of the party attempted to explore Catareac Creek to its confluence with the Colorado, of the party attempted to explore Catareac Creek to its confluence with the Colorado, of the party attempted to explore Catareac Creek to its confluence with the Colorado fifteen miles below the Ava Sapai town and a short when the party attempted to explore Catareac Creek to its confluence with the Colorado fifteen miles below the Ava Sapai town and a short when the party attempted to explore Catareac Creek to its confluence with the colorado five to the p

and indignation, let the assurance that "He knoweth" beget calmness and "He knoweth" beget calmness and dignified indifference, "He knoweth," and in time "He will not suffer the righteous to be moved;" "He knoweth," and in time "He will avenge his own alost."

antidote for the spirit of foreboding. It is very common to take anxious thought for the morrow. We are inclined to look into the future, to draw aside the curtain that we may discover what it promises or threatens. Many people worry over possible ills and evils, and worry over possible ills and evils, and brooding over them come to regard them as inevitable. They look for a dreary morrow that never comes, or if it comes, that brings with it its own asstaining angel. Such prevision, as Rousseau declares, only multiplies the miseries of our state on earth. We said to have averaged 640,000 genuines miseries of our state on earth. We rifle to-day of its sweets, and charge it with the poisons of to-morrow. The strength that is needed to so conquer the present that it may be made tributary to the happiness of the future is dwoden pipe heads reaches an annual amount of nearly five millions. Of There is no greater curse than this, unless it is found in that over-eangine temperament that dreams of future good while never working for its realization. I could hardly give a reason for preferring one of these evils to the other. The former is perhaps the most common, and on that account, perhaps, common, and on that account, perhaps, the one most needing robuke. Schlier-macher exposes its folly; when writing to Jette, he says: "It is easy to see through one pane of glass, but through ten placed one upon another we cannot see. Does this prove that each one is not transparent? or are we called the pipes of various materials. see. Does this prove that each one is not transparent? or are we called to look through more than one at a time? Double panes we only have recourse to for warmth; and just so it is with life. We have to live but one moment at a time. Keep each one isolated, and you will easily see your way through them. The German theologian in this passage hints at a great truth. God has intentionally velled the future from His creatures. They cannot see into it, because an aggregate of various materials.

Mr. Robert J. Livingston, of New York city, has for several years pass given a prize to each of three newsboys who save the largest sum. The irrst fits a great truth. God has intentionally velled the future from His creatures. They cannot see into it, because

Place yourself at the beginning of your life, knowing what you now know of its vicissitudes, and the strongest among you would hesitate to engage in its progress. And were you to-day to about thirty miles an hour, and had behold all that remains, you would six teeth pulled, and was ready to set shrink hack discouraged and amazed.

God in mercy has rendered such fore God in mercy has rendered such fore casting impossible, and it is unspeakable folly for us to attempt what He has forbidden. We may, however, rest assured that as he has in years gone by provided deliverance from every perti, and support for every trial, so will He in the years to come. In this confidence we can leave the morrow to care for the things of the morrow. Whatever comes, God will be in it; whatever evils are there, God will be there as well.

well.

The thought that "He knowsth" is all-sufficient. He knows all that is before us. He knows our fraility, our weakness, and our waywardness; He knows just what we can bear, what strain we can endure, what temptations we can withstand, and He knows what succors are needful, what durthstrain we can endure, what temptations we can withstand, and He knows, what succors are needful, what surthly friends to raise up and Heavenly angels to send down that we may be delivered in every time of trouble. The abiding sense of this wonlerful omniscience disperses the mists of melancholy, and dispels the gloom of chill, dark foreboding. It lets the brightness of God into to-day and assures us that it will irradiate the morrow. I once read of a tribs who bulk a temple of glass for the worning of the son, and their deity shone through its transparent walls and filled the house with his luster. Some uneasy people regarded the temple as too simple, and began to ornament it with paintings, and at last covered all the building with faunting colors. But when they met for worship their god was absent; they had excluded the sun with their foolish daubing. To live continually in the consciousness that "He knoweth" is to be housed in a crystalline temple flooded with his brightness; but, if we smear it with the dreary pigments borrowed from tomorrow's possible gloom, we shut out God from the present as well as from the future. My brethren, i pray you darken not this blessed thought of His omniscience preserve it clear and distinct; then shall the years come to be radiant as the day that now is and even more lustrously beautiful. —From a Recent Sermon by Dr. George C. Lorimer, Chicago.

Choice Thoughts.

God expects fruit from every tree planted in His vineyard. Ix the path of duty, God promises His special protection; He will keep us safe, and bless us.

Make the best use of what you have,

and then you may look to the Lord with confidence for more. What unthankfulness it is to forgot what uninanctuness it is to forgot our consolations and to look only upon matter of grievance; to think so much upon two or tiree crosses as to forget a hundred blessings.—Stöbes.

It is seldom wise to enter into a dis-

cussion with a skeptical man on the doctrines of religion. The best thing is to have such a life back of your words

is to have such a life back of your words that you can say. "Come and see for yourself whether religion is not a blessed thing to have."—Golden Rule.

MEDITATE long, meditate humbly on what it is to have a Creator, and comfort will come at last. If broad daylight should never be yours on this side the grave. He will hold your feet in the twilight that they shall not stumble, and at last, with all the more love, and all the more weed as wall. He will fold. all the more speed as well, He will fold you to His bosom, who is Himself the Light Eternal.—F. W. Faber.

Light Eternal.—F. W. Paber.

SELF-LOVE leads us to do certain things because we choose them for ouraurse oppoonalr dehave a tanother's bidding, or from mere obedience. If things are our own origride of the company of the

deristed by incredulous pessinIf so, then in your pain, anguish
indignation, let the assurance that
knoweth" beget calmness and
fied indifference, "He knowand "He will not suffer the
sai? There are no such songs to besai? "He knoweth," guile the road, and to bear you on with gladness of heart, as when one goeth licet."

The teaching of the text provides an intidote for the spirit of foreboding. It is very common to take anxious thought or the morrow. We are inclined to ook into the future, to draw aside the intriain that we may discover what it paromises or threatens. Many people worry over possible ills and evils, and

tures. They cannot see into II, because an aggregate of \$232.53. As institutions that they shall not. And if we will but review our past we shall discern the reason. Shakespeare writes:

"O if this work seed." "Of if this were seen through the happiest—youth viewing his progress, what perfolions, and sit aim down and die."

Would about the book, and sit aim down and die."

bestowed. A BAGGAGE-MAN sat coolly down the